

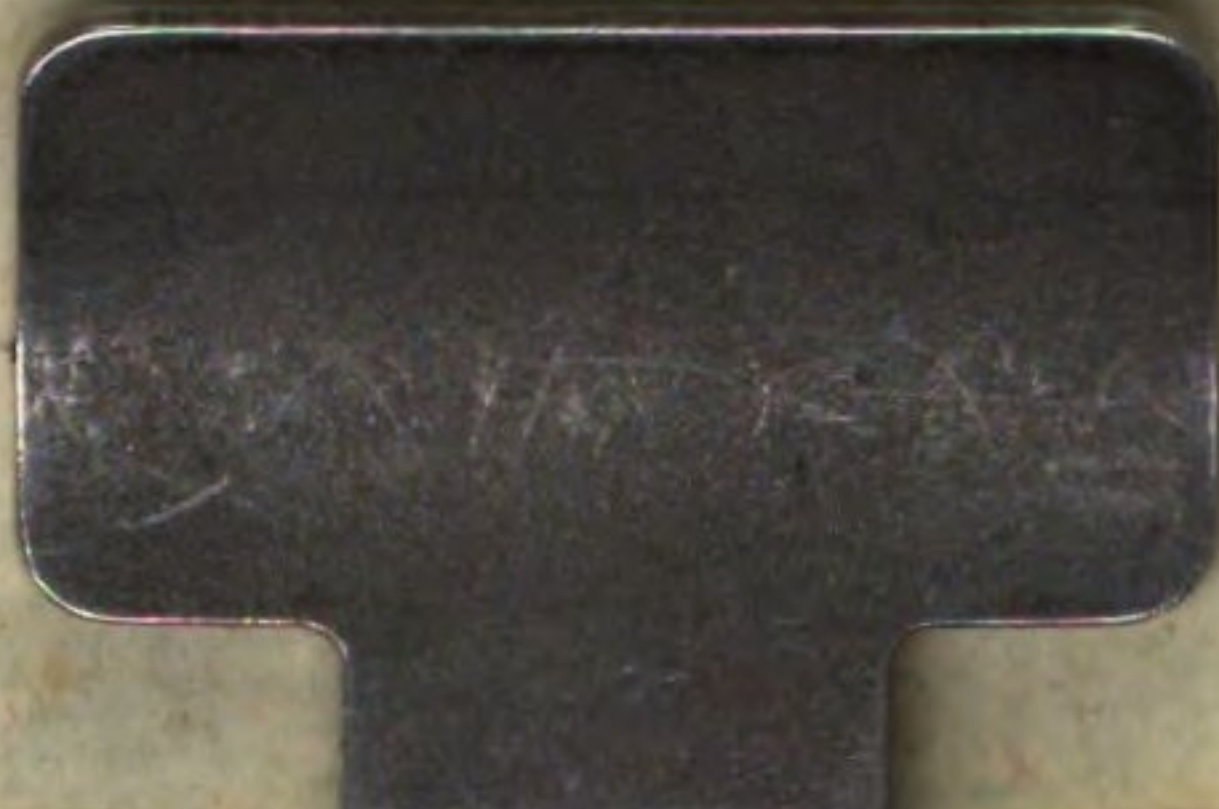
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Shakespeare





KING HENRY

THE

EIGHTH.

BIBLIOTHECA
REGIA
MONACENSIS.

With the CORONATION of
ANNE BULLEN.

Written by

SHAKESPEAR.

WITH ALTERATIONS.

As it is Performed at the Theatre-Royal
in *Drury-Lane*.

L O N D O N :

Printed for C. Hitch and L. Hawes, J. and R. Tonson,
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MDCC LXII.

Dramatis Personæ.

<i>King Henry</i>	<i>Mr. Bransby.</i>
<i>Cardinal Wolsey</i>	<i>Mr. Havard.</i>
<i>Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury</i>	<i>Mr. Burton.</i>
<i>Duke of Norfolk</i>	<i>Mr. Palmer.</i>
<i>Duke of Buckingham</i>	<i>Mr. Holland.</i>
<i>Duke of Suffolk</i>	<i>Mr. Blakes.</i>
<i>Earl of Surry</i>	<i>Mr. Davies.</i>
<i>Lord Chamberlain</i>	<i>Mr. Kennedy.</i>
<i>Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester</i>	<i>Mr. Yates.</i>
<i>Cardinal Campeius the Pope's legate</i>	<i>Mr. Packer.</i>
<i>Capucius, Ambassador from the Emperor</i> <i>Charles the Fifth</i>	<i>Mr. Scrase.</i>
<i>Lord Abergavenny</i>	<i>Mr. Bafter.</i>
<i>Lord Sands</i>	<i>Mr. Philips.</i>
<i>Sir Henry Guilford</i>	<i>Mr. Marr.</i>
<i>Sir Thomas Lovel</i>	<i>Mr. Ackman.</i>
<i>Sir Anthony Denny</i>	<i>Mr. Castle.</i>
<i>Cromwell, servant to Wolsey</i>	<i>Mr. Mozeen.</i>
<i>Dr. Buts, Physician to the King</i>	<i>Mr. Fox.</i>
<i>Surveyor to the Duke of Buckingham</i>	<i>Mr. Packer.</i>
<i>Porter.</i>	<i>Mr. Weston.</i>

W O M E N.

<i>Queen Katharine</i>	<i>Mrs. Pritchard.</i>
<i>Anne Bullen</i>	<i>Mrs. Yates.</i>
<i>An old Lady, friend to Anne Bullen,</i>	<i>Mrs. Bradshaw.</i>
<i>Patience, Woman to Queen Katharine,</i>	<i>Miss Young.</i>





The LIFE of
HENRY VIII.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter the Duke of Norfolk at one door : at the other the Duke of Buckingham, and the Lord Abergavenny.

BUCKINGHAM.

GOOD morrow, and well met. How have you
done
Since last we saw you in *France*?

Nor. I thank your Grace :
Healthful, and ever since a fresh admirer
Of what I saw there.

Buck. An untimely ague
Staid me a prisoner in my chamber, when
Those suns of glory, those two lights of men
Met in the vale of *Arde*.

Nor. Then you lost
The view of earthly glory : To-day the *French*,
All glittering in gold, like heathen gods
Shone down the *English* ; and to-morrow they
Made *Britain, India* : every man that stood,
Shew'd like a mine. The two Kings

Equal in lustre, were now best, now worst,
 As presence did present them; him in eye,
 Still him in praise; and being present both,
 'Twas said they saw but one. When these suns,
 (For so they phrase 'em) by their heralds, challeng'd
 The noble spirits to arms, they did perform
 Beyond thought's compass.
 And all this order'd by the good discretion
 Of the right rev'rend Cardinal of *York*.

Buck. The devil speed him: What had he to do
 In these fierce vanities.

Why took he upon him,
 Without the privy o'th' King, t'appoint
 Who should attend him? he makes up the file
 Of all the gentry; for the most part such
 To whom as great a charge as little honour
 He meant to lay upon 'em.

Aber. There are
 Kinsmen of mine, three at the least, that have
 By this so weaken'd their estates, that never
 They shall abound as formerly.

Buck. O many
 Have broke their backs with laying manors on 'em
 For this great journey. What did this great vanity
 But minister communication of
 A most poor issue?

Nor. I think,
 The peace between the *French* and us, not values
 The cost that did conclude it.

Buck. Every man,
 After the hideous storm that follow'd, was
 A thing inspir'd; and not consulting, broke
 Into a general prophesy; that this tempest,
 Dashing the garment of this peace, aboded
 The sudden breach on't.

Nor. Which now is come to pass:
 For *France* hath flaw'd the league, and hath attach'd
 Our merchants goods at *Bordeaux*.

Aber.

Aber. ~~Is it~~ therefore
Th' ambassador is silenc'd?

Nor. Marry, is it.

Aber. A proper title of a peace, and purchas'd
At a superfluous rate!

Buck. Why all this business
Our reverend Cardinal carried.

Nor. The state takes notice of the private difference
Betwixt you and the Cardinal. I advise you
(And take it from a heart that wishes you
Honour and plenteous safety) that you read
The Cardinal's malice and his potency
Together: to consider further, that
What his high hatred would effect, wants not
A minister in his pow'r. You know his nature.
That he's revengeful; and I know his sword
Hath a sharp edge: It's long, and't may be said,
It reaches far; and where'twill not extend,
Thither he darts it. Bosom up my counsel,
You'll find it wholesome. Lo, where comes that rock
That I advise your shunning.

S C E N E II.

*Enter Cardinal Wolsey, and Cromwell, the purse borne
before him, certain of the guard, and two secretaries
with papers; the Cardinal in his passage fixeth his
eye on Buckingham, and Buckingham on him, both
full of disdain.*

Wol. The Duke of Buckingham's surveyor? ha?
Where's his examination?

Crom. Here, so please you,

Wol. Is he in person ready?

Crom. Ay, an't please your Grace.

Wol. Well, we shall then know more,
And Buckingham shall lessen this big look.

[*Exeunt Cardinal and his train.*]

Buck. This butcher's cur is venom mouth'd, and I

Have not the pow'r to muzzle him, therefore best
 Not wake him in his slumber. A beggar's book
 Out-worths a noble's blood. I read in's looks
 Matter against me, and his eye revil'd
 Me as his abject object; at this instant
 He bores me with some trick, he's gone to th' King:
 I'll follow and out-stare him.

Nor. Stay, my lord,
 And let your reason with your choler question
 What 'tis you go about. To climb steep hills
 Requires slow pace at first. Anger is like
 A full-hot horse, who being allow'd his way,
 Self mettle tires him. Be advis'd, I say
 There is no *English* soul who better can
 Direct you than yourself,
 If with the sap of reason you would quench,
 Or but allay the fire of passion.

Buck. Sir,
 I'm thankful to you, and I'll go along,
 By your prescription; but this top-proud fellow,
 Whom from the flow of gall I name not, but
 From sincere motions; by intelligence
 And proofs as clear as founts in *July*, when
 We see each grain of gravel, I do know
 To be corrupt and treasonous.

Nor. Say not, treasonous.

Buck. To th' King I'll say't, and make my vouch as strong
 As shore of rock — my lord, this holy fox,
 Or wolf, or both, (for he is equal rav'nous
 As he is subtle, and as prone to mischief
 As able to perform't) his mind and place
 Infecting one another;
 Suggests the King our master
 To this last costly treaty, th' interview,
 That swallow'd so much treasure, and like a glass
 Did break i' th' rinsing.

Nor. Faith, and so it did.

Buck. Pray give me favour, Sir — this cunning Cardinal
 The articles o' th' combination drew
 As himself pleas'd; and they were 'ratify'd

As he cry'd, let it be——to as much end,
As give a crutch to th' dead, but our Court-Cardinal
Has done this, and 'tis well——for worthy *Wolsey*,
Who cannot err, he did it. Let the King know,
(As soon he shall by me) that thus the Cardinal
Does buy and sell his honour as he pleases,

Nor. I am sorry
To hear this of him! and could wish you were
Something mistaken in't.

Buck. No, not a syllable:
I do pronounce him in that very shape
He shall appear in proof.

S C E N E III.

*Enter Brandon, a serjeant at arms before him, and two
or three of the guard.*

Bran. Your office, Serjeant; execute it,

Serj. Sir,

My lord the Duke of *Buckingham*, and Earl
Of *Hertford*, *Stafford*, and *Northampton*, I
Arrest thee of high treason, in the name
Of our most Sov'reign King.

Buck. Lo you, my lord,
The net has fall'n upon me; I shall perish
Under device and practice.

Bran. I am sorry
To see you ta'en from liberty
'Tis his Highness pleasure
You shall to th' *Tower*.

Buck. It will help me nothing
To plead mine innocence: for that dye is on me,
Which makes my whitest part black. I obey.
O my lord, fare ye well.

Bran. Nay, he must bear you company. The King
Is pleas'd you shall to th' *Tower*, 'till you know
How he determines further.

Aber. The King's pleasure must be obey'd.

Bran. Here is a warrant from

The King, t'attach lord *Montague*, and the bodies
Of the Duke's confessor, *John de la Car*,
And *Gilbert Peck*, his chancellor,

Buck. So, so;

These are the limbs o'th' plot: no more, I hope?

Bran. A monk o'th' *Chartreux*.

Buck. *Nicholas Henton*?

Bran. He.

Buck. My surveyor is false, the o'er-great Cardinal
Hath shew'd him gold; my life is spann'd already:
I am the shadow of poor *Buckingham*,
Whose figure ev'n this instant cloud puts on,
By dark'ning my clear sun. My lord, farewell. [*Exe.*

SCENE IV.

Flourish. Enter King Henry, leaning on the Cardinal's
shoulder; the Nobles and Sir Thomas Lovel; the
Cardinal places himself under the King's feet, on his
right side.

King. MY life itself, and the best heart of it,
Thanks you for this great care. I stood i'th'
level

Of a full charg'd confed'racy, and give thanks
To you that choak'd it. Let be call'd before us
That gentleman of *Buckingham's* in person,
I'll hear him his confessions justify.
And point by point the treasons of his master
He shall again relate.

Lord Chamberlain says, Room for the Queen. Enter the
Queen, she kneels. The King riseth from his state, takes
her up, kisses and placeth her by him.

Queen. Nay, we must longer kneel; I am a suitor.

King. Arise, and take place by us; half your suit
Never name to us; you have half our power;
The other moiety ere you ask is given;
Repeat your will and take it.

Queen.

Queen. Thank your Majesty.
That you would love yourself, and in that love
Not unconfider'd leave your honour, nor
The dignity of your office, is the point
Of my petition.

King. Lady mine, proceed.

Queen. I am sollicitated, not by a few,
And those of true condition, that your subjects
Are in great grievance. There have been commissions
Sent down among 'em, which have flaw'd the heart
Of all their loyalties; wherein although [*To Wolsey.*
(My good lord Cardinal) they vent reproaches
Most bitterly on you as putter on
Of these exactions, yet the King our master
(Whose honour heav'n shield from foil) escapes not
Language unmannerly; yea such which breaks
The fides of loyalty, and almost appears,
In loud rebellion.

Nor. Not almost appears,
It doth appear; for upon these taxations,
The clothiers all, not able to maintain
The many to them 'longing, have put off
The spinsters, carders, fullers, weavers, who
Unfit for other life, compell'd by hunger
And lack of other means, are all in uproar,
And danger serves among them.

King. Taxation?
Wherein? and what taxation? my lord Cardinal,
You that are blam'd for it alike with us,
Know you of this taxation?

Wol. Please you, Sir,
I know but of a single part in ought
Pertains to th' state, and front but in that file
Where others tell steps with me.

Queen. No, my lord,
You know no more than others: but you frame
Things that are known alike, which are not wholesome
To those which would not know them, and yet must
Perforce be their acquaintance. These exactions

{Whereof

(Whereof my Sov'reign would have note) they are
Most pestilent to th' hearing; and to bear 'em,
The back is sacrifice to th' load; they say,
They are devis'd by you, or else you suffer
Too hard an exclamation.

King. Still exaction!
The nature of it, in what kind let's know
Is this exaction!

Queen. I am much too vent'rous
In tempting of your patience, but am bolden'd
Under your promis'd pardon. The subjects grief
Comes through commissions, which compel from each
The sixth part of his substance, to be levy'd
Without delay; and the pretence for this
Is nam'd your wars in *France*. This makes bold mouths,
Tongues split their duties out, and cold hearts freeze
Allegiance in them; All their curses now
Live where their pray'rs did; I would your Highness
Would give it quick consideration.

King. By my life,
This is against our pleasure.

Wol. And for me,
I have no further gone in this, than by
A single voice, and that not past me but
By learned approbation of the judges.
If I'm traduc'd by tongues, which neither know
My faculties nor person, yet will be
The chronicles of my doing; let me say,
'Tis but the fate of place, and the rough brake
'That virtue must go through.
If we stand still, in fear, we then are only
Statues of the state.

King. Things done well,
And with a care, exempt themselves from fear:
Things done without example, in their issue
Are to be fear'd. Have you a precedent
Of this commission? I believe not any.
We must not rend our subjects from our laws,
And stick them in our will. Sixth part of each!
A trembling contribution! — why we take

From ev'ry tree, lop, bark, and part o'th' timber :
 And though we leave it with a root thus hackt,
 The air will drink the sap. To ev'ry country
 Where this is question'd, send our letters, with
 Free pardon to each man that has deny'd
 The force of this commission ; pray look to't,
 I put it to your care.

Wol. A word with you. [To Cromwell.

Let there be letters writ to ev'ry shire
 Of the King's grace and pardon : The griev'd commons
 Hardly conceive of me ; let it be nois'd,
 That through our intercession, this revokement
 And pardon comes ; I shall anon advise you
 Further in the proceeding. [Exit Crom.

S C E N E V.

Enter Surveyor.

Queen. I'm sorry that the Duke of Buckingham
 Is run in your displeasure.

King. It grieves many ;
 The gentleman is learn'd, a most rare speaker,
 To nature none more bound, but he, my lady,
 Hath into monstrous habits put the graces
 That once were his, and is become as black
 As if besmear'd in Hell. Sit, you shall hear
 (This was his gentleman intrust) of him
 Things to strike honour sad. Bid him recount
 To-fore-recited practices, whereof
 We cannot hear too much.

Wol. Stand forth, and with bold spirit relate, what you,
 Most like a careful Subject, have collected
 Out of the Duke of Buckingham.

King. Speak freely.

Surv. First, it was usual with him, ev'ry day
 It would infect his speech, that if the King
 Should without issue die, he'd carry't so
 To make the scepter his. These very words

I've

I've heard him utter to his son-in-law,
 Lord *Aberganny*, to whom by oath he menac'd
 Revenge upon the Cardinal.

King. Speak on;
 How grounded he his title to the crown
 Upon our fail? to this point hast thou heard him
 At any time speak ought?

Surv. He was brought to this,
 By a vain prophesie of *Nicolas Henton*.

King. What was that *Henton*?

Surv. Sir, a *Chartreux* Friar,
 His confessor, who fed him ev'ry minute
 With words of Sov'reignty.

King. How know'st thou this?

Surv. Not long before your Highness sped to *France*,
 The Duke being at the *Rose*, within the parish
 St. *Lawrence Poultry*, did of me demand
 What was the speech among the *Londoners*
 Concerning the *French* journey? I reply'd,
 Men fear'd the *French* would prove perfidious
 To the King's danger: presently the Duke
 Said, 'twas the fear indeed, and that he doubted
 'Twould prove the verity of certain words
 Spoke by a holy Monk, that oft, says he,
 Hath sent to me, wishing me to permit
John de la Car my chaplain, a choice hour
 To hear from him a matter of some moment:
 Who (after under the commission's seal
 He solemnly had sworn, that what he spoke
 My chaplain to no creature living but
 To me should utter) with demure confidence
 Thus pausingly ensu'd; Neither the King, nor's heirs
 (Tell you the Duke) shall prosper, bid him strive
 To gain the love o'th' commonalty, the Duke
 Shall govern *England*——

Queen. If I know you well,
 You were the Duke's surveyor, and lost your office
 On the complaint o'th' tenant's; take good heed
 You charge not in your spleen a noble person,

And

And spoil your noble soul ; I say take heed ;
Yes heartily I beseech you.

King. Let him proceed.

Surv. On my soul, I'll speak but truth.
I told my lord the Duke, by th' devil's illusions
The Monk might be deceiv'd, and that 'twas dang'rous
For him to ruminate on this, until
It forg'd him some design, (which, being believ'd,
It was much like to do) he answer'd, Tush,
It can do me no damage : adding further,
That had the King in his last sickness fail'd,
The Cardinal's and Sir *Thomas Lovell's* heads
Should have gone off.

King. Ha ! what so rank ? ah, ha——
There's mischief in this man ; canst thou say further ?

Surv. I can, my Liege.

King. Proceed.

Surv. Being at *Greenwich*,
After your Highness had reprov'd the Duke
About Sir *William Blomer*——

King. I remember
Of such a time, he being my sworn servant,
The Duke retain'd him his. But on.

Surv. If, quoth he, I for this had been committed,
As to the *Tower*, I thought ; I would have plaid
The part my father meant to act upon
Th' usurper *Richard*, who being at *Salisbury*,
Made suit to come in's presence ; which, if granted,
(As he made semblance of his duty) would
Have put his dagger into him.

King. A giant traitor !

Wol. Now, Madam, may his Highness live in freedom,
And this man out of prison ?

Queen. Heaven mend all.

King. There's something more would out of thee ; what
say'st ?

Surv. When he had said this,
He stretch'd him, and with one hand on his dagger,
The other spread on's breast, mounting his eyes,
He did discharge a horrible oath, whose tenour

Was

Was, were he evil us'd, he would out go
His father, by as much as a performance
Does an irresolute purpose.

King. There's his period,
To sheath his dagger in us: he's attach'd,
Call him to present tryal; if he may
Find mercy in the law, 'tis his; if none,
Let him not seek't of us: by day and night
He's traitor to the height. [Exeunt.

S C E N E VI.

Enter Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. How now?
What news, Sir *Thomas Lovel*?

Enter Sir Thomas Lovel, and Lord Sands.

Lov. 'Faith, my lord,
I hear of none, but the new proclamation
That's clap'd upon the court gate.

Cham. What is't for?

Lov. The reformation of our travell'd gallants,
That fill the court with quarrels, talk and tailors,

Cham. I'm glad 'tis there; now I would pray our
Monsieurs

To think an *English* courtier may be wise,
And never see the *Louvre*.

What a loss our ladies
Will have of these trim vanities!

Lov. Ay, marry,
There will be woe indeed, lords;
A *French* song and a fiddle has no fellow.

Sands. The devil fiddle 'em; I'm glad they're going,
For sure there's no converting 'em: now Sirs,
An honest country lord, as I am, beaten
A long time out of play, may bring his plain song,
And have an hour of hearing, and by'r lady
Held current musick too.

Cham. Well said, lord *Sands*,
Your colt's tooth is not cast yet?

Sands.

Sands. No, my lord,
Nor shall not, while I have a stump.

Cham. Sir *Thomas*,
Whither are you going?

Lov. To the Cardinal's :
Your lordship is a guest too.

Cham. O, 'tis true ;
This night he makes a supper, and a great one,
To many lords and ladies ; there will be
The beauty of this kingdom, I'll assure you.

Lov. The churchman bears a bounteous mind indeed ;
A hand as fruitful as the land that feeds us.

Cham. My barge stays ;
Your lordship shall along : come, good Sir *Thomas*,
We shall be late else,

Sands. Ay, ay,
If the beauties are there, I must make
One among 'em, to be sure.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VII.

A small table under a state for the Cardinal, a longer table for the guests. Anne Bullen, and divers other Ladies and gentlemen, as guests. Enter Sir Henry Guilford.

Guil. Ladies, a gen'ral welcome from his grace
Salutes ye all : this night he dedicates
To fair content and you : none here he hopes,
In all this noble bevy, has brought with her
One care abroad : he would have all as merry,
As, first, good company, good wine, good welcome,
Can make good people.

Enter Lord Chamberlain, Lord Sands and Lovell.

O my lord, y'are tardy ;
The very thoughts of this fair company
Clap'd wings to me.

Cham. You're young, Sir *Harry Guilford*.

Sands. Sir *Thomas Lovell*, had the Cardinal

But

But half my lay-thoughts in him, some of these
Should find a running banquet ere they rested,
I think would better please 'em: by my life,
They are a sweet society of fair ones.

Lov. O that your lordship were but now confessor
To one or two of these.

Sands. I would I were,
They should find easy penance.

Lov. 'Faith, how easy?

Sands. As easy as a down bed would afford it.

Cham. Sweet ladies, will it please you sit: Sir *Harry*,
Place you that side, I'll take the charge of this:
His Grace is entring; nay you must not freeze:
Two women plac'd together make cold weather:
My lord *Sands*, you are one will keep 'em waking;
Pray sit between these ladies.

Sands. By my faith,
And thank your lordship. By your leave, sweet ladies;
If I chance to talk a little wild, forgive me:
I had it from my father.

Anne. Was he mad, Sir?

Sands. O very mad, exceeding mad, in love too;
But he would bite none; just as I do now,
He'd kiss you twenty with a breath.

Cham. Well said, my lord:
So now y'are fairly seated: gentlemen,
The penance lies on you, if these fair ladies
Pass away frowning.

Sands. For my little care,
Let me alone.

Flourish. Enter Cardinal Wolsey, and takes his state.

Wol. Y'are welcome, my fair guests; that noble lady
Or gentleman that is not freely merry
Is not my friend. This to confirm my welcome,
And to you all good health.

Sands. Your Grace is noble:
Let me have such a bowl may hold my thanks,
And save me so much talking.

Wol.

Wol. My lord *Sands*,
I am beholden to you ; cheer your neighbour :
Ladies, you are not merry ; gentlemen,
Whose fault is this ?

Sands. The red wine first must rise
In their fair cheeks, my lord, then we shall have 'em
Talk us to silence.

Anne. You're a merry gamester,
My lord *Sands*.

Sands. Yes, if I make my play :
Here's to your ladyship, and pledge it, madam :
For 'tis to such a thing——

Anne. You cannot shew me.

Sands. I told your Grace that they would talk anon.

[*Drum and trumpets, and guns discharged.*]

Wol. What's that ?

Cham. Look out there, some of ye.

Wol. What warlike voice,
And to what end is this ? nay, ladies, fear not ;
By all the laws of war y'are privileged.

Enter Cromwel.

Cham. How now, what is't ?

Crom. A noble troop of strangers,
For so they seem, have left their barge, and landed,
And hither make, as great ambassadors
From foreign Princes.

Wol. Good Lord Chamberlain,
Go, give 'em welcome ; you can speak the *French* tongue,
And pray receive 'em nobly, and conduct 'em
Into our presence, where this heav'n of beauty
Shall shine at full upon them. Some attend him.

[*All arise, and tables removed.*]

You've now a broken banquet, but we'll mend it.
A good digestion to you all ; and once more
I shower a welcome on ye : welcome all.

Flourish.

Flourish. Enter King and others as maskers, habited like Shepherds, usher'd by the Lord Chamberlain. They pass directly before the Cardinal, and gracefully salute him.

A noble company! what are their pleasures?

Cham. Because they speak no *English*, thus they pray'd
To tell your Grace, that having heard by fame
Of this so noble and so fair assembly,
This night to meet here, they could do no less,
Out of the great respect they bear to beauty,
But leave their flocks, and under your fair conduct
Crave leave to view these ladies, and intreat
An hour of revels with 'em.

Wol. Say, Lord Chamberlain,
They've done my poor house grace: for which I pay 'em
A thousand thanks, and pray 'em take their pleasures.

[*Chuse Ladies, King and Anne Bullen. Dance.*

King. The fairest hand I ever touch'd! O beauty,
'Till now I never knew thee.

Wol. My lord.

Cham. Your Grace?

Wol. Pray tell 'em thus much from me:
There should be one amongst 'em by his person
More worthy this place than my self, to whom,
If I but knew him, with my love and duty
I would surrender it. [Whisper.

Cham. I will, my lord.

Wol. What say they?

Cham. Such a one, they all confess,
There is indeed, which they would have your Grace
Find out, and he will take it.

Wol. Let me see then?

By all your good leaves, gentlemen, here I'll make
My royal choice.

King. You've found him, Cardinal:
You hold a fair assembly: you do well, lord.
You are a church-man, or I'll tell you, Cardinal,
I should judge you unhappily.

Wol.

Wol. I'm glad
Your Grace is grown so pleasant.

King. My Lord Chamberlain,
Pr'ythee come hither, what fair lady's that?

Cham. An't please your Grace, Sir *Thomas Bullen's*
daughter,
(*The Viscount Rochford!*) one of her Highness' women.

King. By heav'n she's a dainty one: sweet heart,
I were unmannerly to take you out, [*To Anne Bullen.*]
And not to kiss you. A health, gentlemen,
Let it go round.

Wol. Sir *Thomas Lovell*, is the Banquet ready
I' th' privy chamber?

Lov. Yes, my lord.

Wol. Your Grace,
I fear, with dancing is a little heated.

King. I fear too much.

Wol. There's fresher air, my lord,
In the next chamber.

King. Lead in your ladies every one: sweet partner,
I must not yet forsake you; let's be merry.
My good lord Cardinal, you must give us leave,
To keep these ladies from their rest a while.
I have another measure yet to lead 'em,
Which being ended they shall all go sleep.
Then this which does a happy vision seem,
May be again repeated in a dream.

[*Exeunt.*]





A C T II. S C E N E I.

Enter 1st, Two Tipstaves.

2, Sir Thomas Lovell, and Vaux.

3, Executioner with the axe towards the Duke.

4, The Duke of Buckingham.

5, Four Gentlemen in black.

6, Two Guards.

Buck. **Y**OU that thus far have come to pity me,
 Hear what I say, and then go home and lose me:
 I have this day receiv'd a traitor's judgment,
 And by that name must die; yet heav'n bear witness
 And if I have a conscience, let it sink me
 Even as the axe falls, if I be not faithful.
 To th' law I bear no malice for my death,
 'T has done, upon the premises, but justice:
 But those that fought it, I could wish more christians;
 Be what they will, I heartily forgive 'em;
 Yet let 'em look they glory not in mischief,
 Nor build their evils on the graves of great men;
 For then, my guiltless blood must cry against 'em.
 For further life in this world I ne'er hope,
 Nor will I sue, although the King have mercies
 More than I dare make faults. You few that lov'd me,
 And dare be bold to weep for *Buckingham*,
 His noble friends and fellows, whom to leave
 Is only bitter to him, only dying;
 Go with me like good Angels to my end,
 And as the long divorce of steel falls on me,
 Make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice,
 And lift my soul to heav'n. Lead on.

Lov.

Lov. I do beseech your Grace for charity,
If ever any malice in your heart
Were hid against me, now forgive me frankly.

Buck. Sir *Thomas Lovell*, I as free forgive you
As I would be forgiven: I forgive all,
—Commend me to his Grace:

And if he speak of *Buckingham*, pray tell him,
You met him half in heaven: my vows and pray'rs
Yet are the King's; and 'till my soul forsake me,
Shall cry for blessings on him. May he live
Longer than I have time to tell his years;
Ever belov'd and loving may his rule be;
And when old time shall lead him to his end,
Goodness and he fill up one monument.

Lov. Prepare there,
The Duke is coming: see the barge be ready,
And fit it with such furniture as suits
The greatness of his person.

Buck. Nay, Sir *Thomas*,
Let it alone: my state now will but mock me.
When I came hither, I was Lord high Constable,
And Duke of *Buckingham*; now, poor *Edward Bohun*,
Yet I am richer than my base accusers,
That never knew what truth meant; I now seal it;
And with that blood will make 'em one day groan for't.
My noble father, *Henry of Buckingham*,
Who first rais'd head against usurping *Richard*,
Flying for succour to his servant *Banister*,
Being distress'd, was by that wretch betray'd,
And without tryal fell. Peace be with him!
I had my tryal,

And must needs say, a noble one; which makes me
A little happier than my wretched father:
Yet thus far we are one in fortune, both
Fell by our servants, by those men we lov'd.
Yet, you that hear me,
This from a dying man receive as certain:
Where you are lib'ral of your loves and counsels,
Be sure you be not loose; those you make friends,
And give your hearts to, when they once perceive

The

The least rub in your fortunes, fall away
 Like water from ye, never found again,
 But where they mean to sink ye. All good people
 Pray for me! I must leave ye; the last hour
 Of my long weary life is come upon me;
 Farewel; and when you would say something sad,
 Remember *Buckingham*.

[*Exeunt Buckingham and Train.*]

S C E N E III.

Enter Lord Chamberlain, the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk.

Nor. Well met, my Lord Chamberlain.,

Cham. Good day to both your Graces.

Suf. How is the King employ'd?

Cham. I left him private,
 Full of sad thoughts and troubles.

Nor. What's the cause?

Cham. It seems the marriage with his brother's wife
 Has crept too near his conscience.

Suf. No, his conscience
 Has crept too near another lady.

Nor. 'Tis so;
 This is the Cardinal's doing; the King-Cardinal:
 That blind priest, like the eldest son of fortune,
 Turns what he list. The King will know him one day.

Suf. Pray heaven he do; he'll never know himself else.

Nor. We had need pray, and heartily, for deliv'rance;
 Or this imperious man will work us all
 From Princes into pages. Let's in;
 And with some other business, put the King
 From these sad thoughts that work too much upon him;
 My lord, you'll bear us company?

Cham. Excuse me,
 The King hath sent me other-where: besides
 You'll find a most unfit time to disturb him:
 Health to your lordships. [*Exit Lord Chamberlain.*]

Suf. See, the King.

Enter

Enter the King, reading pensively.

Suf. How sad he looks! sure he is much afflicted.

King. Who's there? ha?

Nor. Pray heaven he be not angry.

King. Who's there, I say? how dare you thrust yourselves
Into my private meditations?
Who am I? ha?

Nor. A gracious King, that pardons all offences
Malice ne'er meant: our breach of duty this way,
Is business of estate; in which we come
To know your royal pleasure.

King. Ye are too bold:
Go to; I'll make ye know your times of business:
Is this an hour for temporal affairs? ha?

*Enter Wolsey, and Campeius the Popes Legate, with a
Commission.*

Who's there? my good Lord Cardinal? O my *Wolsey*,
The quiet of my wounded conscience;
Thou art a cure fit for the King. You're welcome,
Most learned rev'rend Sir, into our kingdom,
Use us, and it; my good lord, have great care
I be not found a talker.

Wol. Sir, you cannot:
I would your Grace would give us but an hour
Of private conf'rence.

King. We are busy; leave us.

Nor. This priest has no pride in him?

Suf. Not to speak of:
I would not be so sick though, for his place:
But this cannot continue.

Nor. If it do,
I'll venture one heave at him.

Suf. I another. [Exeunt Norfolk and Suffolk.

King. Go.

Wol. Your Grace has given a precedent of wisdom
Above all Princes, in committing freely
Your scruple to the voice of Christendom:
Who can be angry now? what envy reach you?

The *Spaniard*, ty'd by blood and favour to her,
 Must now confess, if they have any goodness,
 The tryal just and noble. All the clerks,
 I mean the learned ones in christian kingdoms,
 Have their free voices. *Rome*, the nurse of judgment,
 Invited by your noble self, hath sent
 One gen'ral tongue unto us, this good man,
 This just and learned priest, Cardinal *Campeius*,
 Whom once more I present unto your Highness.

King. And once more in my arms, I bid him welcome.
 And thank the holy conclave for their loves,
 They've sent me such a man I would have wish'd for.

Cam. Your Grace must needs deserve all strangers loves,
 You are so noble: to your Highness' hand
 I tender my commission; by whose virtue,
 (The court of *Rome* commanding) you, my lord
 Cardinal of *York*, are join'd with me, their servant,
 In the impartial judging of this business.

King. Two equal men: the Queen shall be acquainted
 Forthwith for what you come. Where's *Gardiner*?

Wol. I know your Majesty has always lov'd her
 So dear in heart, not to deny her what
 A woman of less place might ask by law,
 Scholars allow'd freely to argue for her.

King. Ay, and the best, she shall have; and my favour
 To him that does best, heav'n forbid else. Cardinal,
 Pr'ythee call *Gardiner* to me, my new Secretary,
 I find him a fit fellow.

Enter Gardiner.

Wol. Give me your hand; much joy and favour to you;
 You are the King's now.

Gard. But to be commanded
 For ever by your Grace, whose hand has rais'd me.

King. Come hither, *Gardiner*. [*Walks and whispers.*]

Cam. My lord of *York*, was not one doctor *Pace*
 In this man's place before him?

Wol. Yes, he was.

Cam. Was he not held a learned man?

Wol. Yes, surely.

Cam.

Cam. Believe me, there's an ill opinion spread then
Ev'n of yourself, lord Cardinal.

Wol. How? of me?

Cam. They will not stick to say you envy'd him;
And fearing he would rise, he was so virtuous,
Kept him a foreign man still: which so griev'd him
That he ran mad and dy'd.

Wol. Heav'n's peace be with him!
That's christian care enough: for living murmurers,
There's places of rebuke. He was a fool,
For he would needs be virtuous. That good fellow,
If I command him, follows my appointment;
I will have none so near else. Learn this, brother,
We live not to be grip'd by meaner persons.

King. Deliver this with modesty to th' Queen.
[Exit Gardiner.

The most convenient place that I can think of,
For such receipt of learning, is *Black-friars*:
There ye shall meet about this weighty business,
My *Wolfey* see it furnish'd. O my lord,
Would it not grieve an able man to leave
So sweet a bedfellow? but conscience, conscience —
O 'tis a tender place, and I must leave her. [Exeunt.

S C E N E V.

Enter Anne Bullen, and an old Lady.

Anne. Not for that neither——here's the pang that
pinches.

His Highness liv'd so long with her, and she
So good a lady, that no tongue could ever
Pronounce dishonour of her; by my life,
She never knew harm-doing.

I swear 'tis better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content,
Than to be perk'd up in glittering greatness
And wear a golden sorrow.

Who would, on such conditions, be a Queen?

Old L. Beshrew me I would, and so would you,

For all this spice of your hypocrisy ;

Anne. Nay, good troth —

Old L. You would not be a Queen ?

Anne. No, not for all the riches under heav'n.

Old L. A three-pence bow'd would hire me,
Old as I am, to queen it.

Anne. How do you talk !

I swear again, I would not be a Queen
For all the world.

Old L. In faith for little *England*
You'll venture an emballing : I myself
Would for *Carnarvonshire*, though there belong'd
No more to th' crown but that. Lo, who comes here ?

Enter Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Good-morrow, ladies ; what were't worth to
know

The secret of your conf'rence ?

Anne. Our mistress' sorrows we were pitying.

Cham. It was a gentle business, and becoming
The action of good women : there is hope
All will be well.

Anne. Now I pray Heav'n amen.

Cham. You bear a gentle mind, and heav'nly blessings
Follow such creatures. That you may, fair lady,
Perceive I speak sincerely, and high notes
Ta'en of your many virtues ; the King's Majesty
Commends his good opinion to you, and
Does purpose honour to you no less flowing
Than Marchioness of *Pembroke* ; to which title
A thousand pound a year, annual support,
Out of his grace he adds.

Anne. I do beseech your lordship,
Vouchsafe to speak my thanks and my obedience,
As from a blushing handmaid to his Highness ;
Whose health and royalty I pray for.

Cham. Lady,
I shall not fail t'approve the fair conceit
The King hath of you.—I've perus'd her well.
Beauty and honour in her are so mingled [*Afide.*
That they have caught the King ; and who knows yet,
But

But from this lady may proceed a gem
To lighten all this Isle? I'll to the King,
And say I spoke with you. [Exit Chamberlain.

Anne. My lord, I am your humble servant.

Old L. The marchioness of Pembroke?
A thousand pounds a year, for pure respect!
No other obligation? By my life
That promises more thousands: honour's train
Is longer than his fore-skirt.

Anne. Good lady,
Make yourself mirth with your particular fancy,
And leave me out on't. Would I had no being,
If this salute my blood a jot; it faints me
To think what follows.

The Queen is comfortless, and we forgetful
In our long absence; pray do not deliver
What here y'ave heard, to her.

Old L. What do you think me?—— [Exeunt.

S C E N E VI.

Discover'd at the trial. Captain, six guards behind the throne. King on the throne. Norfolk and Suffolk on each side. Lord Chamberlain and Surry on a Step. Sands and Lovel on another. Two Lords. Two Cardinals, on two stools, facing the audience. Cromwel at a table, in the middle, a mace on it. Gardiner and Canterbury on each Side. Lincoln and Ely likewise, on each side. Two Judges. Two Priests with silver crosses. Two Civilians. Two Tipstaves. Crier in a balcony aloft.

Wol. Whilst our commission from Rome is read,
Let silence be commanded.

Crier. Silence in the court.

King. What's the need?
It hath already publickly been read,
And on all sides th' authority allow'd,
You may then spare that time.

Wol. Be't so, proceed.

Crom. Say, Henry King of England, come into the court.

Crier. Henry King of England, &c.

King. Here.

Crom. Say, Katherine, Queen of England,
Come into the court.

Crier. Katherine, Queen of England, &c.

*Enter Queen, goes to the King, and kneels at his feet,
then speaks.*

Sir, I desire you do me right and justice,
And to bestow your pity on me; for
I am a most poor woman, and a stranger,
Born out of your dominions; having here
No judge indiff'rent, and no more assurance
Of equal friendship and proceeding. Alas, Sir,
In what have I offended you? what cause
Hath my behaviour giv'n to your displeasure,
That thus you should proceed to put me off,
And take your good grace from me? Heaven witness,
I've been to you a true and humble wife,
At all times to your will conformable:
Ever in fear to kindle your dislike,
Yea, subject to your count'nance; glad or sorry,
As I saw it inclin'd: when was the hour
I ever contradicted your desire?
Or made it not mine too? which of your friends
Have I not strove to love, although I knew
He were mine enemy? what friend of mine,
'That had to him deriv'd your anger, did I
Continue in my liking? nay, give notice
He was from thence discharg'd? Sir, call to mind,
That I have been your wife, in this obedience,
Upward of twenty years, and have been blest
With many children by you. If in the course
And process of the time you can report,
And prove it too, against mine honour ought,
My bond of wedlock, or my love and duty
Against your sacred person; in God's name
Turn me away; and let the foul'st contempt
Shut door upon me, and so give me up
To the sharpest kind of justice. Please you, Sir,

The

The King your father was reputed for
 A Prince most prudent, of an excellent
 And unmatched wit and judgment. *Ferdinand*
 My father, King of *Spain*, was reckon'd one
 The wisest Prince that there had reign'd, by many
 A year before. It is not to be question'd,
 That they had gather'd a wise council to them
 Of ev'ry realm, that did debate this business,
 Who deem'd our marriage lawful. Wherefore humbly,
 Sir, I beseech you, spare me, 'till I may
 Be by my friends in *Spain* advis'd; whose counsel
 I will implore. If not i'th' name of Heaven
 Your pleasure be fulfill'd.

Wol. You have here, lady.
 (And of your choice) these rev'rend fathers, men
 Of singular integrity and learning:
 Yea, the elect o'th' land who are assembled
 To plead your cause. It shall therefore be bootless
 That longer you defer the court, as well
 For your own quiet, as to rectifie
 What is unsettled in the King.

Cam. His Grace
 Hath spoken well and justly; therefore, madam,
 It's fit this royal session do proceed,
 And that without delay their arguments
 Be now produc'd, and heard.

Queen. Lord Cardinal,
 To you I speak.

Wol. Your pleasure, madam.

Queen. Sir,
 I am about to weep; but thinking that
 We are a Queen, or long have dream'd so, certain
 The daughter of a King, my drops of tears
 I'll turn to sparks of fire.

Wol. Be patient yet——

Queen. I will, when you are humble, nay before,
 Or Heav'n will punish me, I do believe,
 (Induc'd by potent circumstances,) that
 You are mine enemy, and make my challenge,
 You shall not be my judge. For it is you

Have blown this coal betwixt my lord and me,
Which Heaven's dew quench! therefore I say again,
I utterly abhor, yea from my soul
Refuse you for my judge, whom yet once more
I hold my most malicious foe, and think not
At all a friend to truth.

Wol. I do profess

You speak not like yourself, who ever yet
Have stood to charity, and display'd th' effects
Of disposition gentle, and of wisdom
O'er-topping woman's power. Madam, you wrong me:
I have no spleen against you, nor injustice
For you, or any; how far I've proceeded,
Or how far further shall, is warranted
By a commission from the consistory,
Yea, the whole consist'ry of *Rome*. You charge me,
That I have blown this coal; I do deny it.
The King is present; if't be known to him
That I gainsay my deed, how may he wound,
And worthily, my falsehood? yea, as much
As you have done my truth. Therefore in him
It lies to cure me, and the cure is to
Remove these thoughts from you. The which before
His Highness shall speak in, I do beseech
You, gracious madam, to unthink your speaking,
And say no more.

Queen. My lord, my lord, I am
A simple woman, much too weak t'oppose
Your cunning. You are meek, and humble-mouth'd;
You sign your place and calling, in full seeming,
With meekness and humility; but your heart
Is cramm'd with arrogance, with spleen and pride.
That again
I do refuse you for my judge, and here
Before you all, appeal unto the Pope
To bring my whole cause 'fore his holiness,
And to be judg'd by him.

[*She curtsies to the King, and offers to depart.*]

Cam. The Queen is obstinate,
Stubborn to justice, apt t'accuse it, and

Disdainful

Disdainful to be try'd by't ; 'tis not well.

She's going away.

King. Call her again.

Cryer. Katherine, Queen of England, come into the court.

Usher. Madam, you are call'd back.

Queen. What need you note it? pray you keep your way.
When you are call'd, return. Now the Lord help,
They vex me past my patience———pray pass on ;
I will not tarry ; no, nor ever more
Upon this business my appearance make
In any of their courts. [*Exe. Queen and her attend.*]

King. Go thy ways, Kate,
That man i'th' world, who shall report he has
A better wife, let him in nought be trusted,
For speaking false in that. Thou art alone,
(If thy rare qualities, sweet gentleness,
Thy meekness saint-like, wife-like government,
Obeying in commanding, and thy parts
Sovereign and pious, could but speak thee out)
The Queen of earthly Queens. She's nobly born,
And like her birth has still demean'd herself.

Wol. Most gracious Sir,
In humblest manner I require your Highness
That it shall please you to declare, in hearing
Of all these ears (for where I'm robb'd and bound,
There must I be unloos'd, if I
Did broach this business to your Highness, or
Laid any scruple in your way, which might
Induce you to the question on't ;

King. My lord Cardinal,
I do excuse you ; yea, upon mine honour,
I free you from't : you are not to be taught,
That you have many enemies, that know not
Why they are so, but like the village curs,
Bark when their fellows do. By some of these
The Queen is put in anger ; ye're excus'd :
But will you be more justify'd? you ever
Have wish'd the sleeping of this business,
And oft have hindred
The passages made tow'rds it : on my honour

I speak, my good lord Cardinal, to this point;
And thus far clear him. Now what mov'd me to't,
I will be bold with time and your attention:
Then mark th' inducement. Thus it came; give heed to't.
My conscience first receiv'd a tenderneſs,
Scruple, and prick, on certain ſpeeches utter'd
By th' biſhop of *Bayon*, then *French* ambaffador,
Who had been hither ſent on the debating
A marriage 'twixt the Duke of *Orleans* and
Our daughter *Mary*: I th' progreſs of this buſineſs,
Ere a determinate reſolution, he
(I mean the biſhop) did require a reſpite,
Wherein he might the King his lord advertiſe,
Whether our daughter were legitimate;
Reſpecting this our marriage with the Dowager,
Sometime our brother's wife. This reſpite ſhook
The boſom of my conscience, firſt methought
I ſtood not in the ſmile of heav'n, which had
Commanded nature, that my lady's womb
(If it conceiv'd a male-child by me) ſhould
Do no more offices of life to't, than
The grave does to the dead; for her male-iſſue,
Or died where they were made, or ſhortly after
This world had air'd them. Hence I took a thought,
This was a judgment on me, that my kingdom
(Well worthy the beſt heir o'th' world) ſhould not
Be glad in one by me.
I weigh'd the danger which my realms ſtood in
By this my iſſue's fail, and that gave to me
Many a groaning throe: thus hulling in
The wild ſea of my conscience, I did ſteer
Towards this remedy, whereon we are
Now preſent here together: that's to ſay,
I meant to rectifie my conscience, (which
I then did feel full ſick, and yet not well)
By all the rev'rend fathers of the land
And doctors learn'd. Firſt I began in private
With you my lord of *Lincoln*; you remember
How under my oppreſſion I did reel,
When I firſt mov'd you.

Lin. Very well, my liege.

King.

King. I then mov'd you
 My lord of *Canterbury*, and got your leave
 To make this present summons unsolicited.
 I left no rev'rend person in this court,
 But by particular consent proceeded
 Under your hands and seals.
 For no dislike i'th' world against the person
 Of our good Queen, but the sharp thorny points
 Of my alledged reasons drive this forward.
 Prove but our marriage lawful, by my life
 And kingly dignity, we are contented
 To wear our mortal state to come, with her,
 (*Katherine* our Queen) before the primest creature
 That's paragon'd i'th' world.

Cam. So please your Highness,
 The Queen being absent, 'tis a needful fitness
 That we adjourn this court to further day
 Mean while must be an earnest motion
 Made to the Queen, to call back her appeal
 She intends to his Holiness.

King. Break up the court.
 These Cardinals trifle with me: I abhor
 This dilatory sloth, and tricks of *Rome*.
 My learn'd and well-beloved servant *Cranmer*,
 Pr'ythee return; with thy approach, I know,
 These comforts will make haste, which now are slow.
 [Exeunt, in manner as they enter'd.]



A C T I I I . S C E N E I .

The Queen and her Women, as at work.

Queen. TAKE thy lute, wench; my soul grows sad
 with troubles;
 Sing, and disperse 'em if thou canst: leave working.

S O N G.

SONG. Set by Dr. Arne.

Pat. *Love's the tyrant of the heart,
Full of mischief, full of woe;
All its joys are mix'd with smart,
Thorns beneath his roses grow,
And serpent-like he stings the breast,
Where he is harbour'd and caress'd.*

Enter Gentleman-Usher.

Queen. How now?

Gent. And't please your Grace, the two great Cardinals wait in the presence.

Queen. Would they speak with me?

Gent. They will'd me say so, Madam.

Queen. Pray their Graces
To come near; what can be their business
With me, a poor weak woman, fall'n from favour?
I do not like their coming. Now I think on't,
They should be good men, their affairs are righteous,
But all hoods make not monks.

Enter the Cardinals Wolsey and Campeius.

Wol. Peace to your Highness.

Queen. Your Graces find me here part of a house-wife,
(I would be all) against the worst may happen:
What are your pleasures with me, rev'rend lords?

Wol. May't please you, noble Madam, to withdraw
Into your private chamber; we shall give you
The full cause of our coming.

Queen. Speak it here.

There's nothing I have done yet, o' my conscience,
Deserves a corner; would all other women
Could speak this with as free a soul as I do!

Wol. *Tanta est erga te mentis integritas, Regina Serenissima.*

Queen. Good my lord, no Latin;
I am not such a truant since my coming,
As not to know the language I have liv'd in.
Pray speak in English; here are some will thank you
If you speak truth, for their poor mistrefs' sake.
Believe me she has had much wrong. Lord Cardinal,
The

The willing'st sin I ever yet committed
May be absolv'd in *English*.

Wol. Noble lady, we come but to know
How you stand minded in the weighty difference
Between the King and you? and to deliver,
Like free and honest men, our just opinions
And comforts to your cause.

Cam. Most honour'd Madam,
My lord of *York*, out of his noble nature,
Zeal and obedience he still bore your Grace,
Forgetting like a good man, your late censure
Both of his truth and him, (which was too far)
Offers, as I do, in a sign of peace
His service and his counsel.————

Queen. To betray me.
My lords, I thank you both for your good wills,
Ye speak like honest men, pray God ye prove so.
But how to make ye suddenly an answer
In such a point of weight, so near mine honour,
(More near my life, I fear) with my weak wit,
And to such men of gravity and learning,
In truth I know not. I was set at work
Among my maids, full little, God knows, looking
Either for such men, or such business.
For her sake that I have been, (for I feel
The last fit of my greatness) good your Graces,
Let me have time and counsel for my cause:
Alas, I am a woman, friendless, hopeless.

Wol. Madam, you wrong the King's love with those fears,
Your hopes and friends are infinite.

Queen. In *England*,
But little for my profit; can you think, lords,
That any *English* man dare give me counsel?
Or be a known friend 'gainst his Highness pleasure,
Though he be grown so desp'rate to be honest.
And live a subject? no, no,
They, that must weigh out my afflictions,
They, that my trust must grow to, live not here;
They are, as all my comforts are, far hence
In my own country, lords.

Cam.

Cam. I would your Grace
Would leave your griefs, and take my counsel.

Queen. How, Sir?

Cam. Put your main cause into the King's protection,
He's loving and most gracious. 'Twill be much
Both for your honour better, and your cause:
For if the tryal of the law o'er-take ye,
You'll part away disgrac'd.

Wol. He tells you rightly.

Queen. Ye tell me what ye wish for both, my ruin:
Is this your christian counsel? out upon ye.
Heav'n is above all yet; there sits a Judge,
That no King can corrupt. Would you have me
(If you have any justice, any pity,
If ye be any thing, but churchmens habits)
Put my sick cause into his hands that hates me?
Alas, h'as banish'd me his bed already,
His love too, long ago.

Wol. Pray hear me ———

Queen. Would I had never trod this *English* earth,
Or felt the flatteries that grow upon it!
Ye've angels faces, but heav'n knows your hearts.
I am the most unhappy woman living.
Alas, poor wenches, where are now your fortunes?
[To her women.

Ship-wrack'd upon a kingdom, where no pity,
No friends, no hope! no kindred weep for me!
Almost no grave allow'd me! like the lilly,
That once was mistress of the field and flourish'd,
I'll hang my head, and perish.

Wol. If your Grace
Could but be brought to know our ends are honest,
You'll feel more comfort. Why should we, good lady,
Upon what cause, wrong you?
We are to cure such sorrows, not to sow 'em.
I know you have a gentle, noble temper,
A soul as ev'n as a calm; pray think us
Those we profess, peace-makers, friends and servants.

Queen. Do what you will, my lords; and pray forgive me,
If I have us'd myself unmannerly.

You

You know I am a woman, lacking wit
 To make a seemly answer to such persons.
 Pray do my service to his Majesty.
 He has my heart yet; and shall have my prayers,
 While I shall have my life. Come, rev'rend fathers,
 Bestow your counsels on me. She now begs,
 That little thought when she set footing here,
 She should have bought her dignities so dear. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

*Enter Duke of Norfolk, Duke of Suffolk, Lord Surrey,
 and Lord Chamberlain.*

Nor. If you will now unite in your complaints,
 And force them with a constancy, the Cardinal
 Cannot stand under them. If you omit
 The offer of this time, I cannot promise
 But that you shall sustain more new disgraces,
 With these you bear already.

Suf. I am joyful,
 To meet the least occasion that may give me
 Remembrance of my Father-in-law the Duke,
 To be reveng'd on him.

Suf. Which of the Peers
 Have uncontain'd gone by him, or at least
 Strangely neglected? when did he regard
 The stamp of nobleness in any person
 Out of himself?

Cham. My lords, if you cannot
 Bar his access to th' King, never attempt
 Any thing on him; for he hath a witchcraft
 Over the King in's tongue.

Nor. O fear him not,
 His spell in that is out; the King hath found
 Matter against him that for ever mars
 The honey of his language.
 In the divorce, his contrary proceedings
 Are all unfolded; wherein he appears,
 As I would wish mine enemy.

Sur. How came

His

His practices to light ?

Suf. Most strangely.

Sur. How ?

Suf. The Cardinal's letter to the Pope miscarried,
And came to th' eye o'th' King ; wherein was read,
How that the Cardinal did intreat his holiness
To stay the judgment o'th' divorce ; for if
It did take place, I do, quoth he, perceive
My King is tangled in affection to
A creature of the Queen's, lady *Anne Bullen*.

Sur. Has the King this ?

Suf. Believe it.

Sur. Will this work ?

Cham. The King in this perceives him, how he coasts
And hedges his own way. But in this point
All his tricks founder ; and he brings his phyfick
After his patient's death ; the King already
Hath married the fair lady.

Sur. But will the King
Digest this letter of the Cardinal's ?
Heav'n forbid.

Suf. No, no : Cardinal *Campeius*
Is stol'n away to *Rome*, has ta'en no leave, and
Hath left the cause to th' King unhandled,
Is posted as the agent of our Cardinal,
To second all his plot. I do assure you,
The King cry'd ha ! at this,

Nor. But my lord,
When returns *Cranmer* ?

Suf. He is return'd with his opinions, which
Have satisfy'd the King for his divorce,
Gather'd from all the famous colleges
Almost in Christendom ; soon, I believe
His second marriage shall be publish'd, and
Her coronation. *Katherine* no more
Shall be call'd Queen, but Princess dowager,
A widow to Prince *Arthur*.

Enter Wolsey and Cromwell.

The Cardinal,

Nor.

Nor. Observe, observe, he's moody.

Wol. The packet, Cromwell,
Gave it you the King?

Crom. To his own hand, in's bed-chamber.

Wol. Look'd he o'th' inside of the paper?

Crom. Presently

He did unseal them, and the first he view'd,

He did it with a serious mind; a heed

Was in his countenance. You he bade

Attend him here this morning.

Wol. Is he ready to come abroad?

Crom. I think by this he is.

Wol. Leave me a while.

[Exit Cromwell.]

It shall be to the Dutchess of Alençon, [Aside.]

The French King's sister; he shall marry her.

Anne Bullen!—no, I'll no Anne Bullens for him,—

There's more in't than fair visage—Bullen!—

No, we'll no Bullens!—speedily I wish

To hear from Rome—the marchioness of Pembroke!—

Nor. He's discontented.

Suf. may be he hears the King
Does whet his anger to him.

Sur. Sharp enough,
Lord for thy justice!

Wol. [Aside.] the late Queen's gentlewoman! a Knight's
daughter?

To be her mistress's mistress! the Queen's Queen!—

This candle burns not clear, 'tis I must snuff it,

Then out it goes—what though I know her virtuous

And well-deserving? yet I know her for

A spleeny Lutheran, and not wholesome to

Our cause!—that she should lye i'th' bosom of

Our hard-rul'd King!—again, there is sprung up

An heretick, an arch one, Cranmer, one

Hath crawl'd into the favour of the King,

And is his oracle.

Nor. He's vex'd at something.

Enter King reading of a schedule,

Sur. I would 'twere something that would fret the string
The master-cord of's heart,

Suf.

Suf. The King!

King. What piles of wealth hath he accumulated
To his own portion! what expence by th' hour
Seems to flow from him! how i'th' name of thrift
Does he rake this together! Now, my lords,
Saw you the Cardinal?

Nor. My lord, we have
Stood here observing him. Some strange commotion
Is in his brain; he bites his lips and starts,
Stops on a sudden, looks upon the ground,
Then lays his finger on his temple; strait
Springs out into fast gate, then stops again,
Strikes his breast hard, and then anon he casts
His eye against the moon, in most strange postures
We've seen him set himself.

King. It may well be,
There is a mutiny in's mind. This morning
Papers of state he sent me to peruse,
As I requir'd; and wot you what I found
There, on my conscience put unwittingly?
Forsooth an inventory, thus importing
The several parcels of his plate, his treasure,
Rich stuffs and ornaments of household, which
I find at such a proud rate, it out-speaks
Possession of a Subject.

Nor. It's heav'ns will,
Some spirit put this paper in the packet,
To bless your eye withal.

King. If we did think
His contemplations were above the earth
And fix'd on spiritual objects, he should still
Dwell in his musings; but I'm afraid
His thinkings are below the moon,

[Lovel goes to Wolsey.]

Wol. Heav'n forgive me, and
Ever bless your Highness——

King. Good my lord,
You are full of heavenly stuff, and bear the inventory
Of your best graces in your mind; the which
You were now running o'er; you have scarce time

To

To steal from spiritual leisure a brief span
To keep your earthly audit; sure in that
I deem you an ill husband, and am glad
To have you therein my companion.

Wol. Sir,

For holy offices I have a time;
A time to think upon the part of business
I bear i'th' state; and nature does require
Her times of preservation, which perforce
I her frail son, amongst my brethren mortal,
Must give my tendance to.

King. You have said well.

Wol. And ever may your Highness yoke together,
As I will lend you cause, my doing well
With my well saying.

King. 'Tis well said again,
And 'tis a kind of good deed to say well.
And yet words are no deeds. My father lov'd you,
He said he did, and with this deed did crown
His word upon you. Since I had my office
I've kept you next my heart, have not alone
Imploy'd you where high profits might come home,
But par'd my present havings to bellow
My bounties upon you.

Wol. What should this mean?

[*Aside.*

Sur. It begins well.

[*Aside.*

King. Have I not made you
The prime man of the state? I pray you tell me,
If what I now pronounce you have found true:
And if you may confess it, say withal.
If you are bound to us, or no? what say you?

Wol. My Sovereign, I confess your royal graces
Show'r'd on me daily have been more than could
My studied purposes require. And I profess,
That for your Highness' good I ever labour'd
More than my own; that am I, have been, will be:
Most faithful, just, and loyal,
Though all the world should crack their duty to you,
Though perils in your state
Abound, as thick as thought could make em, and
Appear

Appear in form more horrid ; yet, my duty,
As doth a rock against the chiding flood,
Should the approach of this wild river break,
And stand unshaken yours.

King. 'Tis nobly spoken ;
Take notice, lords, he has a loyal breast,
For you have seen him open't. Read o'er this,

[*Giving him Papers.*]

And after this ; and then to breakfast, with
What appetite you may.

[*Exit King, frowning upon Cardinal Wolsey, the
Nobles throng after him whispering and smiling.*]

Wol. What should this mean ?

' He parted frowning from me, as if ruin
' Leap'd from his eyes. So looks the chafed lion
' Upon the daring huntsman that has gall'd him,
' Then makes him nothing. I must read this paper :
I fear, the story of his anger——'tis so——
This paper has undone me——'tis th' account
Of all that world of wealth I've drawn together
For mine own ends, indeed to gain the Popedom,
And see my friends in *Rome*. O negligence !
Fit for a fool to fall by. What cross devil
Made me put this main secret in the packet
I sent the King ? is there no way to cure this ?
No new device to beat this from his brains ?
I know 'twill stir him strongly ; yet I know
A way, if I take right, in spite of fortune
Will bring me off again. What's this — *To the Pope ?*
The letter, as I live, with all the business
I writ to's holiness. Nay, then farewell ;
I've touch'd the highest point of all my greatness,
And from that full meridian of my glory,
I haste now to my setting. ' I shall fall
' Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
' And no man see me more.

*Enter to Wolsey, the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk,
the Earl of Surrey, and the Lord Chamberlain.*

Nor. Hear the King's pleasure, Cardinal, who commands
you To

To render up the great seal presently
 Into our hands, and to confine yourself
 To *Asker-house*, my lord of *Winchester's*,
 'Till you hear further from his highness.

Wol. Stay :

Where's your commission, lords ? words cannot carry
 Authority so mighty.

Suf. Who dare cross 'em,
 Bearing the King's will from his mouth expressly ?

Wol. 'Till I find more than will, or words to do it,
 I mean your malice, know officious lords,
 I dare, and must deny it. Now I feel
 Of what coarse metal ye are molded——Envy :
 How eagerly ye follow my disgrace. That seal
 You ask with such a violence, the King
 (Mine and your master) with his own hand gave me ;
 Bade me enjoy it, with the place and honours,
 During my life ; and to confirm his goodness,
 Ty'd it by letters patent. Now, who'll take it ?

Sur. The King that gave it.

Wol. It must be himself then.

Sur. Thou'rt a proud traitor, priest.

Wol. Proud lord, thou liest :

Within these forty hours *Surrey* durst better
 Have burnt that tongue, than said so.

Sur. Thy ambition,
 Thou scarlet fin, robb'd this bewailing land
 Of noble *Buckingham*, my father-in-law :
 The heads of all thy brother Cardinals,
 With thee and all thy best parts bound together,
 Weigh'd not a hair of his. Plague of your policy,
 You sent me deputy for *Ireland*,
 Far from his succour ; from the King, from all
 That might have mercy on the fault thou gav'st him :
 Whilst your great goodness, out of holy pity,
 Absolv'd him with an ax.

Wol. This, and all else
 This talking lord can lay upon my credit,
 I answer, is most false. The Duke by law
 Found his deserts. How innocent I was

From

From any private malice in his end,
 His noble jury and foul cause can witness.
 If I lov'd many words, lord, I should tell you,
 You have as little honesty as honour;
 That in the way of loyalty and truth
 Toward the King my ever royal master,
 Dare mate a foundier man than *Surrey* can be,
 And all that love his follies.

Sur. Your long coat, priest, protects you. My lords,
 Can ye endure to hear this arrogance?
 And from this fellow? if we live thus tamely,
 To be thus jaded by a piece of scarlet,
 Farewel nobility, let his grace go forward,
 And dare us with his cap, like larks.

Wol. All goodness
 Is poison to thy stomach.

Sur. Yes, that goodness
 Of gleaning all the land's wealth into one,
 Into your own hands, Card'nal, by extortion:
 The goodness of your intercepted packets
 You writ to th' Pope, against the King; your goodness,
 Since you provoke me, shall be most notorious.
 My lord of *Norfolk*,
 Produce the grand sum of his sins, the articles
 Collected from his life. I'll startle you
 Worse than the scaring bell, when the brown wench
 Lay kissing in your arms, lord Cardinal.

Wol. How much methinks I could despise this man,
 But that I'm bound in charity against it.

Nor. Those articles, my lord, are in th' King's hand:
 But thus much, they are foul ones.

Wol. So much fairer
 And spotless shall mine innocence arise,
 When the King knows my truth.

Sur. This cannot save you:
 I thank my memory, yet I remember
 Some of these articles, and out they shall.
 Now, if you can, blush, and cry guilty, Cardinal,
 You'll shew a little honesty.

Wol.

Wol. I dare your worst objections: if I blush,
It is to see a nobleman want manners.

Sur. I'd rather want those than my head; have at you:
First, that without the King's assent or knowledge
You wrought to be a legate, by which power
You maim'd the jurisdiction of all bishops.

Nor. Then, that in all you writ to *Rome*, or else
To foreign Princes, *Ego & Rex meus*
Was still inscrib'd, in which you brought the King
To be your servant.

Suf. That without the knowledge
Either of King or council, when you went
Ambassador to th' Emperor, you made bold
To carry into *Flanders* the great seal.

Sur. Item, You sent a large commission
To *Gregory de Cassalis*, to conclude,
Without the King's will or the State's allowance,
A league between his Highness and *Ferrara*.

Suf. That out of mere ambition, you have made
Your holy hat be stamp'd on the King's coin.

Sur. Then that you've sent innumerable substance
(By what means got I leave to your own conscience)
To furnish *Rome*, and to prepare the ways
You have for dignities. Many more there are,
Which since they are of you, and odious,
I will not taint my mouth with.

Cham. O my lord,
Press not a falling man too far; 'tis virtue:
His faults lie open to the laws; let them,
Not you, correct him. My heart weeps to see him
So little of his great self.

Sur. I forgive him.

Suf. Lord Cardinal, the King's further pleasure is,
(Because all those things you have done of late,
By your pow'r legatine within this kingdom,
Fall in the compass of a *præmunire*)
That therefore such a writ be sued against you,
This is my charge.

Nor. And so we'll leave you to your meditations

How

How to live better. For your stubborn answer
 About the giving back the great seal to us,
 The King shall know it, and no doubt shall thank you
 So fare you well, my little good lord Cardinal.

[*Exeunt all but Wolsey.*]

Wol. ' Farewel, a long farewell to all my greatness !
 ' This is the state of man ; to-day he puts forth
 ' The tender leaves of hopes, to-morrow blossoms,
 ' And bears his blushing honours thick upon him :
 ' The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,
 ' And when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
 ' His greatness is a ripening, nips his root,
 ' And then he falls, as I do. I have ventur'd,
 ' Like little wanton boys, that swim on bladders,
 ' These many summers in a sea of glory :
 ' But far beyond my depth : my high-blown pride
 ' At length broke under me, and now has left me
 ' Weary, and old with service, to the mercy
 ' Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.
 ' Vain pomp and glory of the world ! I hate ye,
 ' I feel my heart new open'd. Oh how wretched
 ' Is that poor man that hangs on Princes favours !

Enter Cromwell standing amaz'd.

Why how now, *Cromwell* ?

Crom. I have no power to speak, Sir.

Wol. What, amaz'd

At my misfortunes ? can thy spirit wonder
 A great man should decline ? nay, if you weep,
 I'm fall'n indeed.

Crom. How does your Grace ?

Wol. Why, well :

Never so truly happy, my good *Cromwell*.
 I know myself now, and I feel within me
 A peace above all earthly dignities ;
 A still and quiet conscience. The King has cur'd me,
 I humbly thank his Grace ; and from these shoulders,
 These ruin'd pillars, out of pity taken
 A load would sink a navy, too much honour.

O 'tis a burden, *Cromwell*, 'tis a burden
Too heavy for a man that hopes for heav'n.

Crom. I'm glad your Grace has made that right use of it.

Wol. I hope I have: I'm able now methinks,
Out of a fortitude of soul I feel,
T'endure more miseries, and greater far
Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.
What news abroad?

Crom. The heaviest, and the worst,
Is your displeasure with the King.

Wol. Heaven blefs him.

Crom. The next is, that Sir *Thomas Moor* is chosen
Lord Chancellor in your place.

Wol. That's somewhat sudden——
But he's a learned man. May he continue
Long in his Highness' favour, and do justice
For truth's sake and his conscience; that his bones,
When he has run his course and sleeps in blessings,
May have a tomb of orphans tears wept on him.
What more?

Crom. That *Cranmer* is return'd with welcome;
Install'd lord Archbishop of *Canterbury*.

Wol. That's news indeed.

Crom. Last, that the lady *Anne*,
Whom the King hath in secrecy long married,
This day was view'd in open, as his Queen,
Going to chapel, and the voice is now
Only about her coronation.

Wol. There was the weight that pull'd me down, O

Cromwell,

The King has gone beyond me: all my glories
In that one woman I have lost for ever.
No sun shall ever usher forth my honours,
Or gild again the noble troops that waited
Upon my smiles. Go get thee from me, *Cromwell*,
I am a poor fall'n man, unworthy now
To be thy lord and master.

Crom. O my lord,
Must I then leave you? must I needs forego

C

So

So good, so noble, and so true a master?
 Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,
 With what a sorrow *Cromwell* leaves his lord.
 The King shall have my service; but my prayers
 For ever and for ever shall be yours.

Wol. Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
 In all my miseries; but thou hast forc'd me,
 Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.
 Let's dry our eyes: and thus far hear me, *Cromwell*.
 ' And when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
 ' And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
 ' Of me must more be heard: say then I taught thee;
 ' Say, *Wolsey*, that once trod the ways of glory,
 ' Taught thee this.
 ' Mark but my fall and that which ruin'd me:
 ' *Cromwell*, I charge thee, fling away ambition,
 ' By that sin fell the angels; how can man then
 ' (The poor, weak image of his maker) hope to win by it?
 ' Love thyself last, cherish those hearts that hate thee:
 ' Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace
 ' To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not.
 ' Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's good,
 ' Then if thou fall'st, *Cromwell*, thou fall'st a blessed
 ' martyr.

' Keep still a loyal heart. Serve the King;
 Now pr'ythee lead me in——
 There take an inventory of all I have,
 To the last penny, 'tis the King's. My robe,
 And my integrity to heav'n, is all
 I dare now call mine own. O *Cromwell*, *Cromwell*,
 Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal
 I serv'd my King, he would not in mine age
 Have left me naked to mine enemies.
 But soft. Let me not murmur at the will of Heaven.
 Oh chastisement, thou wholesome physic to my soul
 Be witness Heaven, how willingly I bear thee. [*Exeunt.*]



A C T IV. S C E N E I.

The Order of the Coronation.

1. *The Queen's Herb-woman, strewing Flowers.*
2. *Her six Maids, two and two, ditto.*
3. *The Beadle of Westminster.*
The High Constable.
4. *One playing on the Fife.*
5. *Four Drums, two and two.*
6. *The Drum-Major.*
7. *Four Trumpets, two and two.*
8. *Kettle Drums.*
9. *Four Trumpets, two and two.*
10. *Serjeant Trumpet.*
11. *Two Civilians.*
12. *Four King's Chaplains, two and two.*
13. *Two Masters in Chancery.*
14. *Two Tipstaves.*
15. *Two Judges.*
16. *Two Aldermen.*
17. *Lord Mayor.*
18. *Two Esquires of the Household.*
19. *Four Boys of the Choir.*
20. *Serjeant of the Vestry.*
Serjeant Porter of the Palace.
21. *Four Choristers, two and two.*
22. *Five Boys of the Choir of the King's Chapel.*
23. *Two Bishops.*
24. *Master of the Jewel House.*
25. *Six Privy Counsellors, not Peers.*
26. *The Vice Chamberlain.*
27. *Two Heralds.*

28. *Bath King at Arms.*
29. *Four Knights of the Bath, two and two.*
30. *Two Knights of the Garter.*
31. *Two Heralds.*
32. *Two BaronesSES.*
33. *Two Barons.*
34. *Two Viscountesses.*
35. *Two Viscounts.*
36. *Two Countesses.*
37. *Two Earls.*
38. *Two DutcheSSes.*
39. *Two Dukes.*
40. *The Lord Chancellor.*
41. *Dukes of Aquitain and Normandy.*
42. *Two Officers of the Household.*
43. *The Lord High Chamberlain.*
44. *Two Gentlemen Ushers.*
45. *The Archbishop of Canterbury.*
46. *The Bishops of London and Lincoln.*
47. *Four Gentlemen Pensioners.*
48. *The Queen, the Canopy supported by four Barons of the Cinque-ports.*
49. *Five Ladies as Trainbearers.*
50. *A DutcheSS as Mistress of the Wardrobe.*
51. *Eight Ladies of the Bed-chamber, two and two.*
52. *Captain of the Guards.*
53. *Lieutenant and Ensign of the Guards.*
54. *Six Beef-eaters.*

The Champion's Procession in the Hall.

1. *Two Trumpets.*
2. *Serjeant Trumpeter,*
3. *Two Heralds.*
4. *The Champions, two Esquires.*
5. *The Herald at Arms.*
6. *Earl Marshal. Lord High Constable.*
7. *The Champion on Horseback.*
8. *Four Pages.*

SCENE

S C E N E II.

*Katharine Dowager discover'd sick, attended by Cromwell,
a Gentleman Usher, and Patience her woman.*

Crom. How does your Grace ?

Kath. O *Cromwell*, sick to death :

My legs like loaded branches bow to th' earth,
Willing to leave their burden : reach a chair ———
So——now methinks I feel a little ease. [*Sitting down.*
Didst thou not tell me, *Cromwell*, as thou led'st me,
That the great child of honour, Cardinal *Wolsey*,
Was dead ?

Crom. Yes Madam ; but I think your Grace,
Out of the pain you suffer'd, gave no ear to't.

Kath. Pr'ythee, good *Cromwell*, tell me how he dy'd.
If well, he slept before me happily,
For my example.

Crom. Well, the voice goes, Madam.
For after the stout Earl of *Northumberland*
Arrested him at *York*, and brought him forward
(As a man forely tainted) to his answer,
He fell sick suddenly, and grew so ill
He could not sit his mule.

Kath. Alas, poor man !

Crom. At last, with easie roads he came to *Leicester*,
Lodg'd in the abby ; where the rev'rend abbot,
With all his convent, honourably receiv'd him ;
To whom he gave these words. ' O father abbot,
' An old man broken with the storms of state,
' Is come to lay his weary bones among ye ;
' Give him a little earth for charity !
So went to bed ; where eagerly his sickness
Pursu'd him still, and three nights after this,
About the hour of eight, (which he himself
Foretold should be his last) full of repentance,
Continual meditations, tears and sorrows,
He gave his Honours to the world again,

His blessed part to heav'n, and slept in peace

Kath. So may he rest, his faults lie bury'd with him !
Yet thus far, *Cromwell*, give me leave to speak him,
And yet with charity ; he was a man
Of an unbounded stomach, ever ranking
Himself with Princes :

His promises were, as he then was, mighty ;
But his performance, as he now is, nothing.
Of his own body he was ill, and gave
The clergy ill example.

Crom. Noble madam,
Men's evil manners live in brass, their virtues
We write in water. May it please your Highness
To hear me speak his good now ?

Kath. Yes, good *Cromwell*,
I were malicious else.

Crom. This Cardinal,
Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly
Was fashion'd to much honour. From his cradle
He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one ;
Exceeding wise, fair spoken, and persuading ;
Lofty and sour to them that lov'd him not,
But to those men that sought him sweet as summer.
And though he were unsatisfy'd in getting,
(Which was a sin) yet in bestowing, Madam,
He was most princely ; Ever witness for him
Those twins of learning that he rais'd in you
Ipswich and *Oxford* ! one of which fell with him,
Unwilling to outlive the good he did it :
The other, though unfinish'd, yet so famous,
So excellent in art, and still so rising,
That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.
His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him ;
For then, and not till then, he felt himself,
And found the blessedness of being little :
And to add greater honours to his age
Than man could give him, he dy'd, most content.

Kath. After my death I wish no other herald,
No other speaker of my living actions,

To

To keep mine honour from corruption,
 But such an honest chronicler as *Cromwell*.
 Whom I most hated living, thou hast made me
 With thy religious truth and modesty,
 Now in his ashes honour. Peace be with him!
Patience, be near me still, and set me lower.
 I have not long to trouble thee. Good *Cromwell*,
 Cause the musicians play me that sad note
 I nam'd my knell; whilst I sit meditating
 On that celestial harmony I go to.

Sad and solemn Musick.

Crom. She is asleep.

Kath. Spirits of peace, where are ye? are ye gone?
 And leave me here in wretchedness behind ye?

Crom. Madam, we're here.

Kath. It is not you I call for,
 Saw ye none enter since I slept?

Crom. None, madam.

Kath. No? saw you not ev'n now a blessed troop
 Invite me to a banquet, whose bright faces
 Cast thousand beams upon me, like the sun?
 They promis'd me eternal happiness,
 And brought me garlands, *Cromwell*, which I feel
 I am not worthy yet to wear: I shall assuredly.

Crom. I am most joyful, madam, such good dreams
 Possess your fancy.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. And't like your Grace——

Kath. You are a faucy fellow,
 Deserve we no more rev'rence?

Crom. You're to blame,
 Knowing she will not lose her wonted greatness,
 To use so rude behaviour. Go to, kneel.

Mes. I humbly do intreat your Highness' pardon:
 My haste made me unmannerly. There is staying

A gentleman sent from the King to see you.

Cath. Admit him entrance, *Cromwell*. But this fellow
Let me ne'er see again. *[Exit Messenger.]*

Enter Lord Capucius.

If my fight fail not,
You should be lord ambassador from the Emperor,
My royal nephew, and your name *Capucius*.

Cap. Madam, the same, your servant ever.

Kath. O my lord,
The times and titles now are alter'd strangely
With me, since first you knew me. But I pray you,
What is your pleasure with me?

Cap. Noble lady,
First mine own service to your Grace, the next
The King's request that I would visit you,
Who grieves much for your weakness, and by me
Sends you his Princely commendations,
And heartily intreats you take good comfort.

Kath. O my good lord, that comfort comes too late,
'Tis like a pardon after execution;
That gentle physick giv'n in time had cur'd me;
But now I'm past all comforts here but prayers.
How does his Highness?

Cap. Madam, in good health.

Kath. So may he ever do, and ever flourish,
When I shall dwell with worms, and my poor name
Banish'd the Kingdom. *Patience*, is that letter
I caus'd you write, yet sent away?

Pat. No, Madam.

Kath. Sir, I must humbly pray you to deliver
This to my lord the King.

Cap. Most willingly, madam.

Kath. In which I have commended to his goodness
The model of our chaste loves, his young daughter.
(The dews of heav'n fall thick in blessings on her!)
Beseeching him to give her virtuous breeding,
(She's young and of a noble modest nature,

I hope she will deserve well) and a little
 To love her for her mother's sake, that lov'd him
 Heav'n knows how dearly! my next poor petition
 Is, that his noble Grace would have some pity
 Upon my wretched women, that so long
 Have follow'd both my fortunes faithfully;
 The last is for my men; they are the poorest,
 But poverty could never draw 'em from me;
 That they may have their wages duly paid 'em,
 And something over to remember me.
 If heav'n had pleas'd to've giv'n me longer life
 And able means, we had not parted thus.
 These are the whole contents. And good my lord,
 By that you love the dearest in this world,
 As you wish christian peace to souls departed,
 Stand these poor peoples friend, and urge the King
 To do me this last right.

Cap. By heav'n I will,
 Or let me lose the fashion of a man.

Kath. I thank you, honest lord. Remember me
 In all humility unto his Highness;
 And tell him his long trouble now is passing
 Out of this world. Tell him, in death I blest him,
 For so I will—mine eyes grow dim. Farewel,
 My lord——*Cromwell* farewel——nay, *Patience*,
 You must not leave me yet. I must to bed——
 When I am dead let me be us'd with honour,
 Hang on my hearse your maiden garments:
 Old rites are due to chastity of life;
 Which I may boast, tho' a forsaken wife.
 And tho' unqueen'd, interr me like a Queen
 And pay some tears to that which I have been.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T V. S C E N E I.

King and Suffolk discover'd at play.

King. **C**harles, I will play no more to-night,
My mind's not on't, you are too hard for me.

Suf. Sir, I did never win of you before.

King. But little, Charles,
Nor shall not when my fancy's on my play.—

Enter Lovel.

Now *Lovel*, from the Queen what is the news?

Lov. I could not personally deliver to her
What you commanded me, but by her woman
I sent your message, who return'd her thanks
In greatest humbleness, and begg'd your Highness,
Most heartily to pray for her.

King. What say'st thou! ha!
To pray for! what! is she crying out?

Lov. So said her woman, and that her suff'rance made
Almost each pang a death.

King. Alas, good lady!

Suf. Heav'n safely quit her of her burden, and
With gentle travel to the gladding of
Your Highness with an heir.

King. 'Tis midnight, Charles;
Pr'ythee to bed, and in thy prayers remember
Th' estate of my poor Queen. Leave me alone,
For I must think of that which company
Would not be friendly to.

Suf. I wish your Highness
A quiet night, and my good mistress will
Remember in my prayers.

King. Charles, a good night:
Well, Sir, what follows?

[*Exit Suffolk.*]

Enter

Enter Sir Anthony Denny.

Denny. Sir, I have brought my lord the Archbishop,
As you commanded me.

King. Ha! *Canterbury!* —————

Denny. Yea, my good lord.

King. 'Tis true — where is he, *Denny?*

Denny. He attends your Highness' pleasure.

King. Bring him to us. *[Exit Denny.]*

Enter Cranmer and Denny.

King. Avoid the gallery. *[Lovel seemeth to stay.]*
Ha! ————— I have said ————— be gone

[Exeunt Lovel and Denny.]

S C E N E II.

Cran. I am fearful: wherefore frowns he thus?
'Tis his aspect of terror. All's not well.

King. How now, my lord! you do desire to know
Wherefore I sent for you.

Cran. It is my duty
To attend your Highness' pleasure.

King. Pray you rise,
My good and gracious lord of *Canterbury*,
Come, you and I must walk a turn together:
I've news to tell you. Come, give me your hand,
Ah my good lord, I grieve at what I speak,
And am right sorry to repeat what follows.
I have, and most unwillingly, of late
Heard many grievous, I do say, my lord,
Grievous complaints of you; which being consider'd,
Have mov'd us and our council, that you shall
This morning come before us, where I know
You cannot with such freedom purge yourself,
But that 'till further tryal; in those charges
Which will require your answer, you must take
Your patience to you, and be well contented
To make your house our *Tower*; you, a brother of us,

lc

It fits we thus proceed, or else no witness
Would come against you.

Cran. I humbly thank your Highness,
And am right glad to catch this good occasion
Most thoroughly to be winnow'd, where my chaff
And corn shall fly asunder.

King. Stand up, good *Canterbury*;
'Thy truth and integrity is rooted
In us, thy friend. Give me thy hand; stand up,
Pr'ythee let's walk. Now, by my holy dame,
What manner of man are you? my lord, I look'd
You would have given me your petition, that
I should have ta'en some pains to bring together
Yourself and your accusers, and have heard you
Without indurance further.

Cran. Most dread Liege,
The good I stand on is my truth and honesty:
If they shall fall, I with mine enemies
Will triumph o'er my person; Heav'n and your Majesty
Protect mine innocence, or I fall into
The trap is laid for me.

King. Be of good cheer,
They shall no more prevail than we give way to:
Keep comfort to you, and this morning see
You do appear before them. If they chance,
In charging you with matters, to commit you;
The best persuasions to the contrary
Fail not to use; and with what vehemency
Th' occasion shall instruct you. If intreaties
Will render you no remedy, this Ring
Deliver them, and your appeal to us
There make before them. Look, the good man weeps!
He's honest on mine honour.
I swear he is true-hearted, and a soul
None better in my kingdom. Get you gone,
And do as I have bid you. [*Exit Cranmer.*
He's as strangled all his language in his tears.

Enter

Enter an old Lady.

Lovel. within. Come back ; what mean you ?

Lady. I'll not come back : the tidings that I bring
Will make my boldness manners. Now good angels
Ply o'er thy royal head,

King. Now by thy looks
I guess thy message. Is the Queen deliver'd ?
Say ay, and of a boy.

Lady. Ay, ay, my Liege :
And of a lovely boy ; Angels of heav'n,
Both now and ever bless her !—'tis a girl,
Promises boys hereafter. Sir, your Queen
Desires your visitation, and to be
Acquainted with this stranger ; 'tis as like you,
As cherry is to cherry.

King. Lovel.

Enter Lovel.

Lov. Sir.

King. Give her an hundred marks, I'll to the Queen.
[*Exit King.*

Lady. An hundred marks ! by this light I'll ha' more.
An ordinary groom is for such a payment.
I will have more, or scold it out of him.
Said I for this, the girl was like him ? I'll
Have more, or else unsay't : now, while 'tis hot,
I'll put it to the issue. [*Exit Lady.*

S C E N E III.

Enter Cranmer

Cran. I hope I'm not too late, and yet the gentleman
That was sent to me from the council, pray'd me
To make great haste. All fast ? what means this ? ho ?
Who waits there ? sure you know me ?

Enter Keeper.

Keep. Yes, my lord ;
But yet I cannot help you.

Cran.

Cran. Why?

Keep. Your Grace must wait 'till you be call'd for.

Enter Doctor Butts.

Cran. So.

Butts. This is a piece of malice : I am glad
I came this way so happily. The King
Shall understand it presently. [Exit Butts.

Cran. 'Tis Butts,
The King's physician ; as he pass along,
How earnestly he cast his eyes upon me !
Pray heav'n he found not my disgrace : for certain
This is of purpose laid by some that hate me,
They would shame to make me
Wait else at door : a fellow counsellor
'Mong boys and grooms and lackeys ! but their pleasures
Must be fulfill'd, and I attend with patience.

Enter the King and Butts at a window above.

Butts. I'll shew your Grace the strangest sight —

King. What's that, Butts ?

Butts. I think your Highness saw this many a day.

King. Body o' me : where is it ?

Butts. There, my lord :

The high promotion of his Grace of *Canterbury*,
Who holds his state at door 'mongst pursevants,
Pages, and foot-boys,

King. Ha ! 'tis he indeed.

Is this the honour they do one another ?
'Tis well there's one above 'em yet. I thought
They'd parted so much honesty among 'em,
At least good manners, as not thus to suffer
A man of his place and so near our favour
To dance attendance on their lordships pleasures,
And at the door too, like a post with packets.
By holy *Mary*, Butts, there's knavery ;
Let 'em alone, and draw the curtain close,
We shall hear more anon. —

S C E N E.

S C E N E IV.

A council table discovered with chairs and stools, Lord-chancellor, at the upper end of the table on the left hand. A seat being left void above him, as for the Archbishop of Canterbury, Duke of Suffolk, Duke of Norfolk Surrey, Lord-chamberlain, and Gardiner, seat themselves in order on each side. Cromwell at the lower end, as Secretary.

Chan. Speak to the business, Mr. Secretary:
Why are we met in council?

Crom. Please your Honours,
The cause concerns his Grace of *Canterbury*.

Gard. Has he knowledge of it?

Crom. Yes.

Nor. Who waits there?

Keep. Without, my noble lords?

Gard. Yes.

Keep. My lord Arch-bishop;
And has done half an hour, to know your pleasures.

Chan. Let him come in.

Keep. Your Grace may enter now.

[Cranmer approaches the council table.]

Chan. My good lord Arch-bishop, I'm very sorry
To sit here at this present, and behold
That chair stand empty: but we all are men
In our own natures frail, and capable
Of frailty, few are angels; from which frailty
And want of wisdom, you that best should teach us,
Have misdemean'd yourself, and not a little:
Tow'rd the King first, then his laws, in filling
The whole realm, by your teaching and your chaplains,
(For so we are inform'd) with new opinions
Divers and dang'rous, which are heresies;
And, not reform'd, may prove pernicious.

Gard. Which reformation must be sudden too,
My noble lords; for those that tame wild horses

Pace 'em not in their hands to make 'em gentle,
 But stop their mouths with stubborn bits, and spur 'em
 'Till they obey the manage. If we suffer
 (Out of our easiness and childish pity
 To one man's honour) this contagious sickness,
 Farewel all physick : and what follows then?
 Commotions, uproars, with a gen'ral taint
 Of the whole state :

Cran. My good lords, hitherto, in all the progress
 Both of my life and office, I have labour'd
 (And with no little study) that my teaching,
 And the strong course of my authority,
 Might go one way, and safely ; nor is there living
 (I speak it with a single heart, my lords)
 A man that more detests, more stirs against
 (Both in his private conscience and his place)
 Defacers of the publick peace, than I do.
 Pray heav'n the King may never find a heart
 With less allegiance in it ! Men that make
 Envy and crooked malice nourishment,
 Dare bite the best. I do beseech your lordships,
 That in this case of justice, my accusers,
 Be what they will may stand forth face to face,
 And freely urge against me.

Suf. Nay, my lord,
 That cannot be ; you are a counsellor,
 And by that virtue no man dare accuse you.

Gard. My lord, because we've business of more moment,
 We will be short wi'you. 'Tis his Highness' pleasure,
 And our consent, for better tryal of you,
 From hence you be committed to the *Tower* ;
 Where being but a private man again,
 You shall know many dare accuse you boldly,
 More than I fear you are provided for.

Cran. Ay, my good lord of *Winchester*, I thank you,
 You're always my good friend ; if your will pass,
 I shall both find your lordship judge and juror,
 You are so merciful. I see your end,
 'Tis my undoing. Love and meekness lord,

Become

Become a church-man better than ambition :
 Win straying souls with modesty again,
 Cast none away. That I shall clear myself,
 (Lay all the weight ye can upon my patience)
 I make as little doubt, as you do conscience
 In doing daily wrongs. I could say more,
 But rev'rence to your calling makes me modest.

Gard. My lord, my lord, you are a sectary,
 That's the plain truth : your painted gloss discovers,
 To men that understand you, words and weakness.

Crom. My lord of *Winchester*, you are a little,
 By your good favour, too sharp ; men so noble,
 However faulty, yet should find respect
 For what they have been : 'tis a cruelty
 To load a falling man.

Gard. Good Mr. Secretary,
 I cry your honour mercy ; you may, worst
 Of all this table, say so.

Crom. Why, my lord ?

Gard. Do not I know you for a favourer
 Of this new sect ? ye are not found.

Crom. Not found ?

Gard. Not found, I say.

Crom. Would you were half so honest !
 Mens prayers then would seek you, not their fears.

Gard. I shall remember this bold language.

Crom. Do.

Remember your bold life too.

Cham. This is too much ;
 Forbear for shame, my lords.

Gard. I've done.

Crom. And I.

Cham. Then thus for you, my lord ; it stands agreed,
 I take it, by all voices, that forthwith
 You be convey'd to th' *Tower* a prisoner ;
 There to remain till the King's further pleasure
 Be known unto us, Are you all agreed, lords ?

All. We are.

Cran. Is there no other way of mercy,

But

But I must needs to th' *Tower*, my lords?

Gard. What other
Would you expect? you're strangely troublesome:
Let some o'th' guard be ready there.

Enter Keeper.

Cran. For me?
Must I go like a traitor then?

Gard. Receive him,
And see him safe i'th' *Tower*.

Cran. Stay, good my lords,
I have a little yet to say. Look the e, lords;
By virtue of that ring, I take my cause
Out of the gripes of cruel men, and give it
To a most noble judge, the King my master.

Cham. This is the King's ring.

Sur. 'Tis no counterfeit.

Suf. 'Tis his right ring. I told ye all,
When we first put this dang'rous stone a rolling,
'Twould fall upon ourselves.

Nor. D'you think, my lords,
The King will suffer but the little finger
Of this man to be vex'd?

Cham. 'Tis now too certain.
How much more is his life in value with him?
Would I were fairly out on't.

SCENE V.

Enter King frowning on them, takes his seat.

Gard. Dread Sov'reign, how much are we bound to
heav'n
In daily thanks, that gave us such a Prince;
Not only good and wise, but most religious:
One that in all obedience makes the church
The chief aim of his honour, and to strengthen
That holy duty of our dear respect,
His royal self in judgment comes to hear
The cause betwixt her and this great offender.

King.

King. You're ever good at sudden commendations,
Bishop of *Winchester*. But know, I come not
To hear such flatt'ries now; and in my presence
They are too thin and base to hide offences.

To me you cannot reach; you play the spaniel,
And think with wagging of your tongue to win me.
But whatsoe'er thou tak'st me for, I'm sure
Thou hast a cruel nature, and a bloody.

Good man, sit down: now let me see the proudest

[To Cranmer,

He that dares most, but wag his finger at thee,
By all that's holy, he had better starve,
Than but once think this place becomes thee not.

Sur. May 't please your Grace ———

King. No, Sir, it does not please me.

I thought I had men of some understanding
And wisdom, of my council; but I find none.
Was it discretion, lords, to let this man,
This good man, (few of you deserve that title)
This honest man, wait like a lowly foot-boy
At chamber-door, and one as great as you are?
Why what a shame was this? did my commission
Bid ye so far forget yourselves? I gave ye
Pow'r, as he was a counsellor, to try him,
Not as a groom. There's some of ye, I see,
More out of malice than integrity,
Would try him to the utmost, had ye means;
Which ye shall never have, while I do live.

Chancel. My most dread Sovereign, may it like your
Grace

To let my tongue excuse all. What was purpos'd
Concerning his imprisonment, was rather,
If there be faith in men, meant for his trial,
And fair purgation to the world, than malice;
I'm sure in me.

King. Well, well, my lords respect him:
Take him, and use him well, he's worthy of it,
I will say thus much for him, if a Prince
May be beholden to a subject, I
Am, for his love and service, so to him.

Make

Make me no more ado, but all embrace him;
 Be friends for shame, my lords. My lord of *Canterbury*
 I have a suit which you must not deny me.
 There is a fair young maid that yet wants baptism,
 You must be godfather, and answer for her.

Cran. The greatest monarch now alive may glory
 In such an honour: how may I deserve it,
 That am a poor and humble subject to you?

King. Come, come, my lord, you'd spare your spoons:
 you shall have

Two noble partners with you: the old Dutchess
 Of *Norfolk*, and the lady Marquess *Dorset* —
 Once more, my lord of *Winchester*, I charge you
 Embrace and love this man.

Gard. With a true heart
 And brother's love I do it.

Cran. And let heav'n
 Witness, how dear I hold this confirmation.

King. Good man, those joyful tears shew thy true
 heart;

The common voice I see is verify'd
 Of thee, which says thus: do my lord of *Canterbury*
 But one shrewd turn, and he's your friend for ever.
 Come, lords, we trifle time away: I long
 To have this young one made a christian.
 As I have made ye one, lords, one remain:
 So I grow stronger, you more honour gain. [Exe.

S C E N E VI.

Noise and tumult within: Enter Porter and his man.

Port. You'll leave your noise anon, ye rascals; do
 you take the court for *Paris Garden*? ye rude slaves,
 leave your gaping.

Within. Good Mr. Porter, I belong to the larder.

Port. Belong to the gallows and be hang'd, ye rogue:
 is this a place to roar in? I'll scratch your heads; do
 you look for ale and cakes here you rude rascals?

We.

We may as well push against *Paul's*, as stir 'em.

Port. How got they in, and be hang'd?

Man. Alas, I know not; how gets the tide in?

Within. Do you hear, Mr. Porter?

Port. I shall be with you presently, good Mr. Puppy.
Keep the door close, firrah.

Man. What would you have me do?

Port. What should you do, but knock 'em down by
the dozens? is this *Morefields* to muster in,

Enter Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Mercy o' me; what a multitude are here?
Where are these porters.

These lazy knaves? we shall have

Great store of room, no doubt, left for the ladies,

When they pass back from th' christning?

Port. Please your honour,
We are but men, an army cannot rule 'em.

Man. No, nor two armies.

Cham. As I live,
If the King blame me for't, I'll lay ye all
By th' heels, and suddenly; and on your heads
Clap round fines for neglect: y'are lazy knaves.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VII.

*Discover six Guards, two Aldermen, Lord Mayor, Garter
King at Arms, Cranmer, Duke of Norfolk with his
Marshal's staff, Duke of Suffolk, then four noblemen
bearing a canopy, under which the Dutcheſs of Norfolk,
god-mother, bearing the child richly habited in a mantle,
then the Marchioness of Dorset, the other god-mother,
both trains borne up, and ladies. Lord Chamberlain,
and Earl of Surry.*

Gart. Heaven, from thy endless goodness send long
life,

And

And ever happy, to the high and mighty
Princess of *England*, fair *Elizabeth*.

Flourish. Enter King and Guards.

Cran. And to your royal Grace, and the good Queen
My noble partners and myself thus pray ;
All comfort, joy, in this most gracious lady,
That heav'n ever laid up to make parents happy,
May hourly fall upon ye !

King. Thank you, good lord Arch-bishop :
What is her name ?

Cran. *Elizabeth*.

King. Stand up, lord.
With this kiss take my blessing : heav'n protect thee,
Into whose hand I give thy life.

Cran. *Amen.*

King. My noble gossip, y' have been too prodigal,
I thank ye heartily : so shall this lady,
When she has so much *English*.

Cran. Let me speak, Sir,
(For heav'n now bids me) and the words I utter,
Let none think flatt'ry, for they'll find 'em truth,
This royal infant, (heaven still move about her)
Though in her cradle, yet now promises
Upon this land a thousand thousand blessings,
Which time will bring to ripeness. She shall be
(But few now living can behold that goodness)
A pattern to all Princes living with her,
And all that shall succeed her. Truth shall nurse her :
Holy and heav'nly thoughts still counsel her :
She shall be lov'd and fear'd. Her own shall bless her ;
Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn,
And hang their heads with sorrow. Our children's children
Shall see this and bless heav'n.

King. Thou speakest wonders.

Cran. She shall be to the happiness of *England*,
An aged Princess ; many days shall see her,
And yet no day without a deed to crown it.

Would

Would I had known no more: but she must die,
She must, the saints must have her; yet a virgin,
A most unspotted lilly shall she pass
To th' ground, and all the world shall mourn her.

King. O lord Arch-bishop,
This oracle of comfort has so pleas'd me,
That when I am in heav'n, I shall desire
To see what this child does,
I thank ye all——to you, my good Lord-mayor,
And your good brethren, I am much beholden:
I have receiv'd much honour by your presence;
And ye shall find me thankful. Lead the way, lords.
Ye must all see the Queen, and she must thank ye,
She will be sick else. This day no man think
H'as business at his house, for all shall stay,
This little one shall make it holy-day. [Exeunt.]

F I N I S.



Shakespeare, William,

King Henry the eighth With the coronation of Anne Bullen

London 1762

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